A STRANGE CALLING.

Why This Little Man Crosses the Ocean So Often.

A lame little man with dark complexion and a wheezing cough, who wears a light slouch hat and constantly carries an umbrella, who is often seen at the Hotel Emery, is a much-traveled man, who has crossed both the Atlantic and Pacific 34 times within the past decade. It is Albert E. Haigh, and his calling is one that is seldom heard of. Mr. Haigh's business brings him in direct contact with wholesale druggists and he does his own buying, importing and selling of licorice, in the handling of which he has made a fortune. "I go across the big ponds at least four times a year," he said, between puffs of cigarettes he rolled himself from dried corn-stalks, "and I've become used to the water. To tell the truth, I'm restless when on land, and suffer a great deal from an asthmatic affection that I never felt while on the ocean or when looking up the licorice along the banks of the Euphrates or the Tigris rivers. Never saw a licorice plant, I reckon? Well I'll tell you about them. The plant is a shrub that never grows much more than 3 feet high and grows without any cultivation whatever along the banks of the rivers which flow through immense treeless prairies of uncultivated land. The roots project uncovered from the bank, and for miles and miles are washed by the flowing waters. The climate of the country is rather variable, half of the year being pleasant, mild and while about three months, June, July and August, the temperature will run up as high as 103-4 degrees for a straight period. The natives always collect the root of the licorice piant during the winter months and as the root is full of water, it is allowed to dry for nearly a year after being cut; then when it is cut it is cut into pieces like the stick of black licorice you see in the drug stores in lengths of from 6 inches to a foot long. Then it is gathered and the good and sound pieces sent to Bassorah, whence it is made up into pressed bales and shipped to London. The rotten pieces are used as fire wood. At London the black licorice is made from the juice of the licorice plant when fresh cut and mixed with a paste of starch to keep it from melting in hot weather. The dried licorice root is shipped in bales and in bundles all over the civilized world."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The New Congressional Library.

One day last week after an inspection of the work in process on the new congressional library building, A. R. Spofford, librarian of congress, expressed the opinion that the building would be ready for occupancy by the summer of 1896, and that the library could be removed from its present cramped quarters to the new building by the middle of that year. The work on the building is being pressed forward with all possible speed, about 400 men being employed in the various branches of labor about the stately structnre.

The building, when completed, will accommodate about 4,500,000 books. When first occupied the entire space will not be utilized. Indeed, the building has been arranged largely with a view to the accommodation of the future growth of the library, and Spofford estimates that it will be equal to the demands upon it for the next 200 years. The largest library in existance today contains only about half the number of books for which the new building will afford accommodation.

Mr. Green, who, with General Casey, chief of engineers of the war department, has charge of the construction of the new building, says there is no doubt that the cost of the building will be bept within the original estimate of $6,000,000.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

Every cook, even a passable one, knows how to cook a turkey, but some of the recipes for stuffing, that I learned by a tour among the chefs a short time ago, are new and appetizing.

A noted and patriotic hotel chef intends to fill his Thanksgiving birds with stuffing a la Americaine. This is composed of bread crumbs soaked for half an hour, squeezed dry and mixed with sliced raw apples, a little parsley, thyme and sage. A little chopped sausage will be added.

One of the Vanderbilts will have his turkeys prepared after the fashion adopted in a leading French restaurant. The stuffing is made up of bread crumbs, pate de fois gras and truffles, highly seasoned. After the turkey has begun to roast a pint ot dry champagne is poured very slowly over it. It is a delicacy only to be desired by those whose palates require rich food, but there is no questioning its being delightful both in flavor and taste.

Chef Ranhofer always wraps his turkey in buttered brown paper, and generally lines the brazier in which it is cooked with slices of fat pork. He also garnishes many of his turkeys with black olives. At his restaurant will be served an epicure's dish of turkey wings. These latter are scalded, cleared of all pin feathers, the fleshy part boned, then soaked. A saucepan is lined with fat pork, and the wings are moistened with mirepoix stock. They are cooked an hour, then drained and set on a dish. The stock is strained through a napkin, and used to moisten a mixture of skinned chestnuts and chopped celery, cooking over a slow fire until both chestnuts and celery crush under the least pressure. A little espagnol sauce poured over adds to the flavor, and the whole is poured over the wings when ready.—Claire Claxton in St. Louis Republic.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAM.

He is Hard to Rope and a Great Deal of Trouble to Bring Down.

On the first of last week Frank Chatfield succeeded in roping a Rocky mountain ram on the foothills of the Sunlight mountains, about 50 miles from this city. To catch and hold a full-grown animal of this species is a feat that has heretofore probably never been accomplished. Mr. Chatfield is a strong and hardy mountaineer, having passed most of his life in the wild recesses of the Rocky mountains, and has been combining trapping, prospecting and stockraising for a number of years past in the Sunlight valley, through which winds a rugged stream that empties into the Clark's Fork river in the box canyon, making its final appearance over a grand fall of 75 feet in height.

During this particular hunt Mr. Chatfield saw a fine specimen of the Ovis Montana on a ledge of rock far up the hill, and with a common lariat determined to make an effort to catch the animal. Crawling up a dry gulch, he kept out of sight of the ram and reached a reef of rock about 30 feet above it. Looking over the edge of this, he saw the monarch of the mountains, and the animal also saw Mr. Chatfield. It immediately jumped over the ledge and with a couple of bounds landed on another ledge about 35 feet below.

The dog was sent after the sheep and brought it to a standstill about 200 feet away. Chatfield followed and again got a few feet above the ram and threw his rope. It landed around one of the ram's horns and a hard tussle for the mastery took place. First the sheep would have the best of the struggle and then the man. Being on a narrow ledge of rock, it was a very dangerous position, and Mr. Chatfield was liable to fall over with disastrous results. Finally the man succeeded in getting down to a comparitively safe descent, and with the assistance of the dog got the sheep started down the mountain. As neither party could go exactly as he wished they soon got tangled in the rope, and both man and sheep started in a bundle rolling down to the bottom of the hill, where they landed decidedly the worse for their rough scramble over the rocks. His sheepship was roped around both hind feet, and afterward the rope was arranged around both horns, in which condition he was taken to the Chatfield ranch, where he is now securely confined. The specimen is a magnificent one and will very likely be sent to some large zoological garden. Its horns measure seventeen inches in circumference and have a two-foot spread. Some time previous to catching this sheep Mr. Chatfield caught three ewes in the same manner, but as they were not so large and unmanageable, they did not cause so much trouble.—Red Lodge Picket.